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"ORGANIZED" CHARITY.

TOO OFTEN ITS BENEFITS GO TO THE ORGANIZERS.



A DILEMMA.

The young and beautiful but impecunious Christian Scientist gazed long and earnestly at the picture of the aged millionaire whom she had promised to marry. "Alas!" she cried; "if I marry him I shall have to conceal my faith. Why, if he could be converted to my views, he might live twenty years longer!"



UNIQUE.

"So the Kaiser wants to go to the Paris Exposition."

"Well, if he goes, Germany will have the most remarkable exhibit there."

CHOSE ANOTHER COMMENCEMENT THEME.

UNCLE HIRAM.—Old Abner Troop's son's back from college. That feller hain't goin' ter amount ter shucks. 'T ain't in him. There's more 'n one screw loose in his head or I'm a sucker!

UNCLE SILAS.—Don't know much about him, but allers s'posed he was a likely chap.

UNCLE HIRAM.—Well, he hain't! He's been ter college nigh on ter four years, an' I asked him if the Philippines would n't really be the ruination of the country, an' he could n't tell!

A DEFINITION.

LITTLE MIKE (*who has struck a hard spot in his reading*).—Father, phwat's a vampire?

MCLUBBERTY.—G'wan wid ye. Whoy don't ye use yure oyes an' ears whin yez hav a chance? Begorra! a vampire is the feller that gits bate to dith at a ball game!

EXCLUSIVE.

"Scooterby is inordinately proud and careful of his new automobile."

"You bet! Why, he won't even run over anybody less than a banker."

A TRIBUTE.

JIMMY.—I tell yer, Dewey's a dandy!

TOMMY.—You bet he is! He's de Jeffries of de sea!

VERY LIKELY the Trust gets all its hatefulness from its father's folks.

HIGH THINKERS occasionally attain such height that they topple over.

THERE SEEMS to be ground for hope that the proceedings at The Hague will not precipitate war.



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PUCKOGRAPHS.—XIV.

A MAN THAT IS UP AGAINST IT.



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HIS PREFERENCE.

STOREKEEPER.—What kind of chewing-gum do you want, my little boy? We have peppermint, sassafras, wintergreen, lilac, heliotrope and attar of roses!

SMALL BOY.—Wal, gimme lilac! I want some kind dat'll look like plug-terbacker juice when yer spits!

UNINVITED.

NCE, cruising past a sea-girt isle, I thought "How sweet to stop awhile!"

There, in a hammock swinging, The Princess Bonnie lay sound asleep—
A twentieth century Little Boopie—
"Boopie," the birds were singing.

I felt the keel grate on the sand,
All eagerness was I to land;—
For, why should she be lonely?
Alas for any such bold design!
Nailed to a tree, this horrid sign:
"Keep Off—For Members Only."

Paul T. Gilbert.

ADVICE TO THE SULTAN.

"They say," said the man who was reading the news from the Philippines, "that the Sultan of Sulu is to retain his position and the United States is to pay him a salary."

"You don't say so?" said the other citizen. "Well, I'd advise the Sultan to join the organization or some politician will be after his job."





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THE SEASIDE GIRL.

She's a winsome little lassie—
Fond of moonlight walks and rides;
Knows the rig of all the vessels,
Knows the time of all the tides;
She will doze thro' morning hours,
But she's very lively when
In the golden eve the steamboat
Brings its load of city men!

She puts on a golfing outfit
For a ramble on the links;
And for wheel-ride or for yachting
She but very rarely prinks;
Yet you'll notice, if you're watchful,
That at just about 5:10,
She'll appear in regal costume,
When the steamboat brings the men!

Stella, Phyllis, Chloe, Daphne?
What's the import of her name?
Since these Summer seaside maidens
Are all just about the same;
They look sweeter far than fancies
Bards can picture with the pen,
When the steamboat makes the landing
With its passengers—the men!

Arthur E. Locke.



NO HOPE FOR HIM.

It was indeed a humble and contrite wretch that knelt at the feet of his affianced wife, who had just returned from Europe and who had, therefore, no knowledge of what had happened.

"Darling," he cried, "I am an outcast! No girl you know will have anything more to do with me. I know of no way to redeem myself. All is over!"

"But what have you done?" she asked, anxiously, intuitively perceiving the hopelessness of his dilemma.

"Alas!" he replied; "I am the miserable man who two weeks ago arranged the handicaps in the ladies' golf tournament."



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AS TO THE FICKLE SHEPHERDESS.

STREPHON.—Ah, Corydon! the lovely Phyllis hath shewn me the marble heart! She hearkens no more to my songs of love, but she listens with rapture to a rival swain!

CORYDON.—Is't possible? And how hath this rival won her?

STREPHON.—Ah, me! Upon his oaten pipe he does n't play a thing but ragtime!

THE LOOKS OF THE THING.

Confidentially, the Hooded Cobra was not entirely content.

"It looks so much like a Tam O'Shanter, I almost feel at times as if I had been scotched, don't you know!" protested the reptile, with a gesture of impatience.

Yes; something in the nature of a neat sailor, or even a toque, would be better.

ACCEPTED · THE INEVITABLE.

"Say, Tommy, does yer ole man know yer smoke?"

"Sure! He's gev up lickin' me fer doin' it."

TO SIEGFRIED.

(In the near future.)

Oh, wondrous Hero! Blessed child
Of genius Heaven sent! Thy songs
Can fill with joy the heart that longs
To know Walhalla's legend wild.
But soon, alas! for Art's dear sake,
Thou 'lt sing love motifs in rag-time;
While Brünhilde, Fafner, Wotan, Mime,
Win plaudits walking for a cake!



HIS INVITATION.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Summer hotel proprietor, "I want to ask every man who saw the sea-serpent to step up and have a drink."

The reporter counted fourteen.

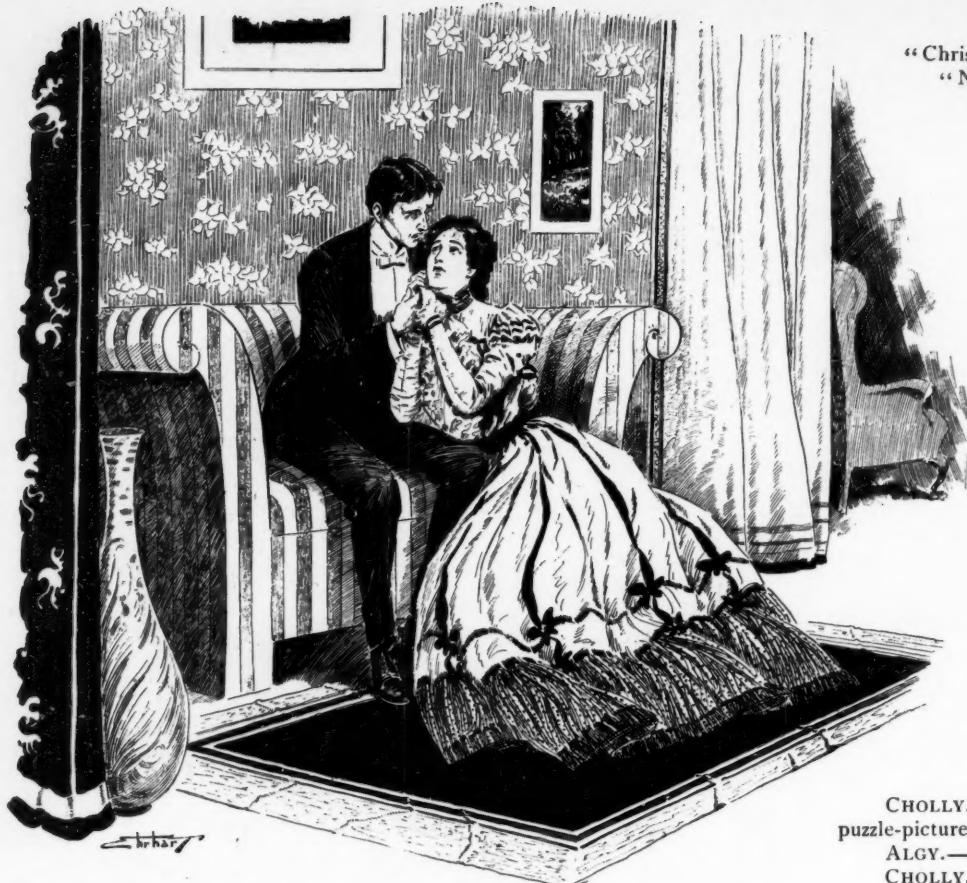
ADVICE.

"Ma," said the young fly, "is it true that some folks are so gentle that they would n't harm a fly?"

"I would n't trust the best of them, my dear. Don't buzz around any of them too long."

WE LOOK forward with hope to a race of women who can make epochs and bread at the same time.

THERE ARE some philanthropists who spend entirely too much time inducing other people to subscribe.



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THE OLD MAN'S DIAGNOSIS.

PERCY (*seriously*).—Does your father suspect that you love me?
ETHEL (*ecstatically*).—No, Percy;—he—he thinks I've got malaria!

AN APPRECIATIVE LISTENER.

"There was a time," said Witherby, bitterly, as he paused for a moment, "when you liked to have me read to you, or at least made some show of interest. Here for the past half-hour I have been reading one of the most intensely interesting tales published this month, and you have n't shown the least response."

Mrs. Witherby looked up hurriedly from the plans and specifications of a shirt waist she was building.

"How absurd!" she exclaimed, with that wonderful quality of clearness produced by the presence in the mouth of fourteen pins. "Go on, won't you? I have heard every word you have said."

Witherby picked up the magazine and continued:

"Leslie felt now but too keenly that the strain of this intellectual upheaval could be borne not much longer. Would the widow interfere at the last moment with the plan which had been so carefully laid? He paused suddenly in his walk, so that the girl at his side looked up at him to see what was the matter, and shuddered at the thought of what might happen if—"

Witherby turned over the leaf, and with even voice continued:

"If, when in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one nation to dissolve the political bands which have connected it with another and to assume, among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station—to be or not to be, that is the question, whether it is nobler to shuffle off this mortal coil or by swimming under water evade the things we know not of. For even as he spoke, Philip realized that all was over. Thus two lives were torn asunder, only to be united again."

Witherby put down the magazine with a slight simulated sigh.

"Ah! he exclaimed; "it could n't help but end that way. Still, it was a beautiful story."

"Was n't it!" said Mrs. Witherby.

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"DON'T YOU THINK IT'S ABOUT LUNCH TIME?"

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THE SEANCE THAT FAILED.

"Christian Science treatment did n't help your sick cow?"
"No;—you see, the healer was a beginner, and he could n't face the cow and believe that she did n't have horns."

THE POPULAR HERO.

Folks are laughin' up to Ridgeway
'Bout a speaker that they got
To deliver an oration
On Abe Lincoln — served up hot.

'T was a rattlin' speech he give 'em,
Made the cheers come thick and fast;
But 't was Dewey — not Abe Lincoln —
Abe wa' n't mentioned first nor last.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

"Wrecktnerves has invented a great improvement on the automobile."
"That so? What is it?"
"An automaton to run them."

REASON FOR GRATITUDE.

MAMA.—I'm thankful that we don't live in Switzerland.
PAPA.—Why?
MAMA.—If we did, I suppose the boys would spend their time climbing the Matterhorn.

A RIDDLE, INDEED!

CHOLLY.—That girl in the surf reminds me of one of those puzzle-pictures.
ALGY.—How is that?
CHOLLY.—Find the bathing-suit.

COULD N'T TEAR THEMSELVES AWAY.

"Ma," said the young fly, "what are all those flies doing?"
"That's fly-paper," said her mother. "Keep away from it."
"Oh! They look as if they were holding a convention and could n't adjourn."

IT IS a wonder that some men do not get callouses on their fingers through turning over new leaves.



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UNLIKE SOME OTHER OCCUPATIONS.

GOLFER.—Don't you ever get tired of farming?

THE FARMER.—T ain't no use of gettin' tired of it, young man.
Farmin' ain't nofad!

PUCK.

AT THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Salvation's free around the camps,
Alike to millionaires and tramps; —
But pleasure-boats, we much deplore,
Are tightly padlocked to the shore.

WHERE THE CREDIT IS DUE.

"Talk about the man behind the gun requiring nerve!" remarked Jack Potts, during the deal; "why, he is n't in it with the man 'in front of the gun' who opens a pot with only a pair of jacks!"

BOTH DISAPPOINTED.

CHOLLY (after a second proposal).
Hope spwings eternal, doncher-know.

SHE. — I know it does, Cholly. I've been hoping that you would n't mention the subject again.

HOW HE CAUGHT HER.

THIRSTY TERAH. — How did yer come ter git such a swell meal as yer sez?

HUNGRY HOOLEY. — I represented meself ter de cook as a policeman in plain clothes.

BOOKS OF THE BATTLES.

"Captain, a real hero ought not to print his exploits until the war is over."

"Yes; and by that time two million other heros, with their exploits, will be in ahead of him."

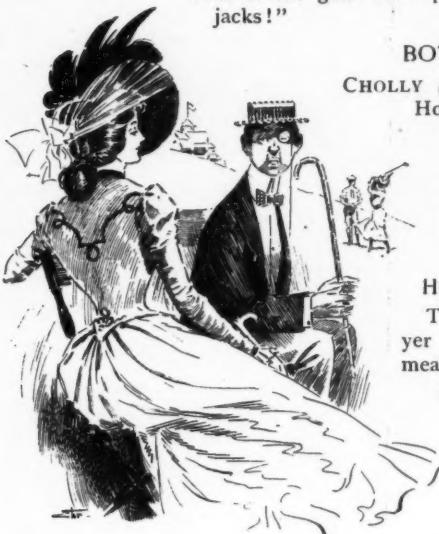
WHO HE WAS.

When Thompson, the suburbanite, invited his guest to take a ride behind his new horse that afternoon he had no idea of having roast friend for dinner that evening, but that is very nearly what it came to. It was at the very top of a long, sandy hill that the brute preferred to balk, a place where the August sun could get in his work unhampered by even a shrub to cast a shade.

Thompson and his guest applied every remedy they had ever heard of, and the horse still balked. Then they fell back on their own ingenuity, and invented some fearful and wonderful persuaders, but the horse still balked. At last they gave up in despair, climbed into the buggy, and resigned themselves to frizzing in the blazing sun until such time as the spirit should move him, — and the horse still balked.

The guest was just feeling in his pocket for the third cigar; Thompson did n't smoke quite so fast as he occupied a good deal of his time making uncomplimentary observations about the horse, when an automobile came bowling up the hill, and whirred past them.

"Who was that fat, complacent



IN IRELAND.

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NATIVE.—If Oi should decide to come to New York, how long would it be before Oi could vote?

CASEY (of Tammany Hall, on a visit).—Will, Oi don't kape thrack av them election days, but Oi think there's another wan in about four months!

juddocks in that auto., who seemed so tickled at our predicament?" asked the guest, who had seen the automobilist's grin as he passed.

Thompson's language became amazingly free and vociferous as he described the automobilist's character, antecedents and attainments, and quite made his guest's hair stand up.

"But—but who did you say he was?" asked the shocked guest.

"He's the unmitigated liar, thief and assassin, who sold me this horse!" concluded Thompson.

Alex. Ricketts.

HE.—Did that serial story end happily?

SHE.—Oh, yes! — the hero finally withdrew his defence to the heroine's action for divorce.

ALL THINGS come to him who waits, including the man who makes disquieting references to Mr. Micawber.



FAIR AND SQUARE.

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MRS. NEWLYWED.—Let's toss up to see whether I get a new hat or you get a new coat!

MR. NEWLYWED.—But I don't want a new coat!

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Well, then, if you win you can let me have your chance!



C. PYBISHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

BY PROXY.

THE LION.—The ostrich has a new style of playing golf.

THE RHINOCEROS.—How so?

THE LION.—He hires a parrot to do all his swearing for him!

NOT SO BAD AS IT MIGHT BE.

"Pardon me for referring to it," said the head accountant to the multimillionaire; "but, sir, you do not realize how your surplus is growing. Why, this Summer you have twice as much in the banks as this time last!"

It was evident, however, that his employer was not disturbed.

"Under some circumstances," he replied, "I might feel uneasy; but you must remember that it is three months now since I have paid my wife's last bill for golf-balls."



C. PYBISHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

A PHILOSOPHER.

THE CAT.—These human beings are a queer lot! I never cry over spilled milk.

MANY SUCH CASES.

"What's the matter with Johnny?" said Mr. Cumso to Mr. Cawker.
"Ripeless peach."

AGAINST ALL TRADITION.

"Why don't you jump in and save him?" exclaimed a man to one of the life-savers on the beach. "Can't you see he's struggling in the water?"

"Oh, yes; I'm watching him, but the time to save him hasn't come yet."

"Why not?"

"It would be against all tradition to rescue him until he is just about to go down for the third time."

PERSEVERING.

BOBBY BINGO.—How long did it take you to learn how to swim?

WILLY.—I learned in fourteen lickings.

WHERE SHE "LANDS" THEM.

FISHER.—I'll bet you don't know what a landing-net is.

MISS ANGLIN (*coyly*).—It's a slang term for hammock, is n't it?

PECULIAR.

FIRST SUMMER BOARDER.—They advertised that there were no mosquitos here.

SECOND SUMMER BOARDER.—Well, I have n't seen any.

FIRST SUMMER BOARDER.—Neither have I. Queer place, is n't it?



NEEDED A BRACER.

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NEWLYWED.—Have a drink, old chap?

BACHELOR.—Thanks;—I'll take a ginger-ale!

NEWLYWED.—I want to tell you something about my baby!

BACHELOR.—Waiter, make that a whiskey and absinthe!

PUCK.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE CHINESE PUZZLE.—THERE ARE still differing opinions as to whether war or diplomacy will best solve that big yellow puzzle in the East. The diplomat thinks his own peculiar species of tact may avail, while the soldier suspects that some fighting must be done. Who must fight whom he is not so ready to say. Both agree, however, that the partition of China is the problem of the day. It seems also to be agreed that, next to the matter of actual partition, the most interesting question to China and her dividers is, What is the United States going to do about it?

There is ground for hope that the job can be done peacefully. The disposition of the partitioning powers, as shown in the last two years, promises as much. There have been here and there some exhibitions of stubbornness and of a disposition something like hoggishness; but, on the whole, there has been a gratifying recognition that war would only damage the interests of all concerned. The situation shows that the world is learning, outside of peace congresses, the folly of war. War is poor Business; and Business is the world's watchword. No nation wants to conquer China out of lust for conquest, as would have been the case two or three centuries ago. No general wants to drag captive Chinamen at his chariot wheels, nor loot the royal palaces. The day for that is far by. What the outside world wants from China—what it will have, even if it must be fought for—is the right to trade with her. There is much talk of spreading the blessings of civilization and the Christian religion; but that is moonshine. There is no benevolence in it. It is a matter of cold, selfish Business. Transportation to open her markets and mines, factories to develop her resources—these are the inflictions China must submit to, even if, during the process, she attains the state now honorably enjoyed by the Great Auk. And as to the United States—well, owing to our trade treaties with China we now have vast commercial interests there and a prospect of their enormous increase. Her market

has already become a necessity to us. It is improbable, therefore, that we shall submit to any curtailment of these honorably obtained privileges. If we had to throw our whole weight against the door to keep it open we should doubtless not hesitate to do so.

CHARITY ABUSES.—AN ANALYSIS of our organized charities reveals the quantities to be about as follows: organization 75%; charity 25%. Our city Comptroller mentions, in a report on the subject, one institution which received fifteen hundred dollars from the city and seventy dollars from outside sources. It was managed by one man who voted himself a salary of thirteen hundred dollars and spent forty for the relief of the destitute. Another organization, asking for a large increase in money allowed by the city, was found last year to have sent a suit of underwear, a pair of hose and a rubber coat to a shipwrecked sailor on the coast of Oregon, and some shoes and oil-skin caps to a crew wrecked on the reefs of Florida. This was its entire relief work for the year, with the exception that its officers were relieved with large salaries for doing the work. Another phase of the abuse is supplied by the small organizations that, securing large sums of money from the city, bestow what little is left after salaries are paid, upon any professional beggar that applies for it. It has been found that persons in good health and entirely capable of self-support, have lived for months and sometimes for years upon such carelessly-bestowed bounty. It may be interposed that it is better for a few professional beggars to profit than that relief be entirely shut off from the deserving poor. But with organizations conducted in this manner—and they are plentiful, as the investigation shows—the chances of the deserving poor are minimized. They are crowded out by the professional beggar with his cunning whine. He applies at the office and saves trouble, while they must be hunted for. The professional beggar gets the money and the honest poor man, sick, out of work, destitute, goes up to Central Park and blows out his brains. Organized charity that thus supports an army of professional mendicants and philanthropists for revenue only is mere organized trickery and carelessness.

AS TO DEWEY INTERVIEWS.

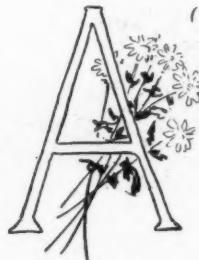
A S ADMIRAL DEWEY nears home reports of his sayings grow more numerous in the daily press. Concerning these we advise his countless friends and admirers to disbelieve all such as convict him of assininity. For example, you are apt to read any morning something like this:

"Admiral Dewey is said on excellent authority to have expressed himself quite freely in a private conversation with a friend yesterday. He declared that the Germans are a nation of scoundrels, who ought all to be hanged, and that we will surely be at war with them in another six months. He also admitted that he had been on the point of bombarding Trieste, owing to the impolite treatment of the Austrians there, and that he fully expected to have trouble with the authorities at several places where he had yet to call on his way home. The interview is fully credited by the foreign correspondents here and has caused a sensation."

When you do read it, remember two things: first, that while Admiral Dewey may, of course, possibly be an ass, the evidence up to date is emphatically to the contrary; and, second, that yellow newspaper correspondents can and do lie.

THE CITY GARDEN.

(*Called "Roof Garden."*)



FAR THE city lights stretch on
Through highway, byway, darkling,
And net the modern Babylon
With fetters weird and sparkling.
The tumult faintly vents its rage;
No bikes or street-cars tilt us;
In this new garden of the age,
The architect has built us.

Within the garden fair, I trow,
Are wond'rous flowers and grasses—
Varieties that will not grow
Save shielded well by glasses.
And some are red, and some are white
And yellow (genus hop-py);
And some, the rarest blossoms, might
Be classified as pop-py.

Do birdlets sing? Indeed, we've songs
From doubtless some one's "birdie"—
'T is quite a welcome change from gongs,
Newsboys and hurdy-gurdy.
Admitting lack of rhythm sweet
From old-time feathered choir,
We're sixteen stories o'er the street,
So seldom notes are higher.

I'm sure the earthy gardens must
Be damp, rheumatic-painful,
And rife with bugs and pollen dust,
To city people baneful.
Let others dig and turn the soil
To coax a garden later,
I'll do away with all such toil
And take the elevator.

Edwin L. Sabin.



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AN AWFUL PUNISHMENT.

MRS. ISAACS.—Fader, Ikey was a very bad boy! I wish you would punish him!

MR. ISAACS (*severely*).—Ikey, if you don't be a good boy Fader will make you down to see dot Firemen's barade dis afternoon and maig you watch it undil id all goes py!



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PUTTING HIS FO

UNCLE SAM (*to the Powers*).— Gentlemen, you may cut up this map
and that you can't divide me up into spheres of influence!

PUCK.



HIS FOOT DOWN.

Cut up this map as much as you like; but remember that I'm here to stay,

J. OTTMAR LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.



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LOOKING FOR AN EASY LIFE.

JACKSON.—Wonder why Jim Dandy married de brunette instead ob dat stylish yaller gal?

JOHNSON.—Wal, I guess he thought de plain black would wash better!

MR. J. BULL UNIONJACK'S LETTER TO LONDON.
ON THE YACHT RACE.

HAT DO you think of the chances of the Irish yacht?" I asked Mulligan.

"The what?" said Mulligan.

"The Irish yacht—the 'Shamrock.'"

"Ye mane the English boat wit' the Oirish name," said Mulligan. "Barrin' the name, she's no more Oirish than ye are versil."

"I fancy Sir Thomas Lipton does n't think so," said I. "He was born in Ireland, you know; and, besides the 'Shamrock,' he has a boat called the 'Erin.'"

"Has he now?" said Mulligan. Evidently he had not heard it before. "Well, bedad! thot incrases me sympat'y wit' him in his appr-roachin' disapp'ntment, but it don't mek him Oirish. An' if he had another boat called the 'Daniel O'Connell' an' another wan called the 'Clan-na-Gael' an' another wan called the 'Home Rule' an' another wan called the 'Fonten'y' an' another wan called the 'Brian Boru' an' another wan called the 'Saint Patrick'—bedad! the whole flate av them wud n't mek him Oirish! An' as for him bein' bor-rn in Oireland I'd lay a wager 't was beca'se he cud n't help it. If he was raly an' thruly Oirish he'd do ayther wan av two things—he'd emmigrate to Amer-riky loike Oi did mesilf; or, if he shayed at home, 't wud be for the pur-pose av makin' himself as disagrayable as he cud to the Gover'mint. An' if he had anny boats 't wud be no Br-ritish flag thot'd be floyin' at their mast-hids—'t wud be the Shtars an' Shstroipes if he was Oirish! Oi'm not sayin' annythin' ag'in him. Judgin' be all that Oi hear, he's a gentleman, every inch av him, an' Oi mek no doubt he'll tek his midicine loike a man an' he'll go home wit' the goolden opinions av the Amer-rikin payple an' they'll wish him everything thot the heart av man cud daysoire—ixcept the Cup. But if he thinks he's Oirish he's laborin' unther a daylusion; an' if he thinks he'll win the Cup he's laborin' unther two daylusions."

"You consider yourself a prophet, do you, Mulligan?"

"Oi do not," he replied. "If Oi was a prophet Oi cud tell ye just how far the Shamrock 'll be behind in ivery race. Bein' only a plain everyday obser-rver, Oi can only be sure thot she'll come in second."

"Did you ever see any of the races, Mulligan?"

"Only wan, an' thot was n't a race, afther all. 'T was what the papers the nixt day called a 'fluke.' The wind was thot quoiet thot ye wud think the ocean

naded to be ayquipped wit' electric fans, an' the boats cud n't get over the coarse in the rayquoired toime. So the folks thot wint out to see it were compilled to contint thimselves with an ix-pensive ix-cur-rsion instid av a race, an' they shpint their toime d-r-rinkin' beer an' 'atin' ham-sandwiches an' axin' aich other in loud an' pathr'otic tones, 'What's the matter wit' the Vigilant?' an' infor-rmin' aich other in ayqually loud an' pathr'otic tones that the Vigilant was all roight—an' so she was—God bless her! Oi'm shpakin' now av the folks thot did n't get saysick. For, though the wind was so loight, there was a long heavy shwell on the wather thot was too much for some av the pathr'ots. Bedad! there's nothin' loike that same saysickness for dhrivin' pathr'otism temporally out av a man! There was a fri'nd av moine be the name av O'Mahony—as pathr'otic as anny man that iver was bor-rn or landed in Amer-riky an' wan thot wud enj'y a Br-ritish defate on land or say as much as anny man aloive, not barrin' meself—an' we were not wan hour out when O'Mahony was thot saysick thot the devil a bit he'd have cared if the Br-ritish boat had kem in tin moiles ahead. Bedad! she moight have carried off ivery cup in the country thot day wit'out intherestin' O'Mahony. An' there was manny a patriot loike him. But, annyhow, as Oi say, there was no race an' no Br-ritish defate to cilibr-rate thot day an' Oi niver had a chanst to go to see another wan."

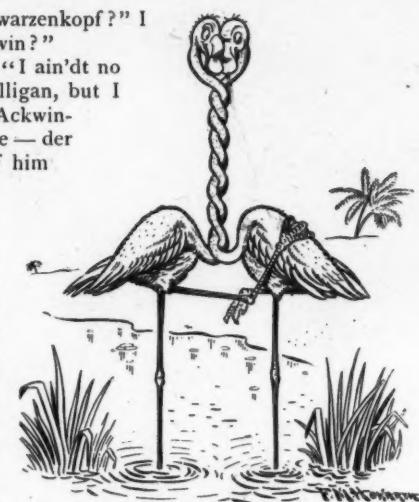
"What's your opinion, Schwarzenkopf?" I asked.

"Will the Columbia win?"

"Vell," said Schwarzenkopf, "I ain'dt no prophet, needer, no more as Mulligan, but I guess dot Sir Thomas vill see vot Ackwin-aldo vould gif his goldt collar to see—der Amerigan flag shkooting ahead of him so fast dot he can't catch it."

"Are you a yachting sharp, Schwarzenkopf?"

"No, I ain'dt no eggspert. I can tell a shloop from a shkooner—dot vos apoud all. Shtill I hav picked der vinner der America Cup efery time so far—nefer made vun misstake yet—undt I t'ink I can do it dis time, also. Undt I vill tell you choost how I do it. I don't pay no attention to der shape of der hull nor der number of shquare yards in der sails nor der lengt' of der vater line nor der time allowance—nodings like dot. I choost go by der flag."

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THE FLAMINGO'S COURTING.

HE.—Ah! Darling, how I have longed to be entwined in thy fond embrase!

IT MAY NOT BE AN ISSUE.

REUBEN.—What's this here germ theory that we read so much about lately? I have n't got a clear idea of the thing.

SILAS.—Neither have I. But we'll probably hear enough about it next campaign to know more of it.

EVERYTHING IN this world is of some use, although some of the inhabitants seem to be exceptions to the rule.

THE FLY in the ointment teaches us, among other things, to use fly-paper.



ACCOUNTED FOR.

SPECTATOR.—What's the idea of having four umpires?

CAPTAIN KELLY.—'Cause it takes four men to lick catcher Riley when he begins to kick!

THE UMPIRE.

THIS COUNTRY is the best one that we've heard of up to date,
We're all of us the people, and the people rule the state;
For monarchism's flummery we do not care a straw,
And policemen are the only men of whom we stand in awe.
There's always, so they tell us, ample room around the top,
So we each can keep ascending till we feel inclined to stop;
But we've one perverse compatriot who's nothing but a flat—
That funny freak, the man behind the man behind the bat.

He dons his suit of armor and a hard, sardonic grin,
He makes you feel instinctively your side can never win;
He starts the game, and just to show his disposition small,
He calls the first one pitched a "strike"—which plainly
was a ball.

He gives a roast to Kelly, whose best feelings feel the wrench,
But Kel's delicate remonstrance only lands him on the bench;
For a chap who could n't rightly run a game of "one old cat"
You can gamble on the man behind the man behind the bat.

But we could n't do without him when the Summer days are
here,

As a silly season safety-valve he stands without a peer;
When crankiness runs riot and there's rag-time in the breeze—
With Hackensack mosquitos, kissing-bugs and wicked fleas—
It is trying to the temper, but with resolution grim
We go to see a game of ball and take it out of him;
He does n't care how much we cuss—they pay him just for that—
He's gamey, is the man behind the man behind the bat.

Frank Sawin Bailey.

THE MARCH OF TIME.

"Times have changed," rather ruefully remarked the loquacious landlord of the tavern at Polkville, State of Arkansaw. "Jest the other day, while cou't was in session, a mob of our best citizens whirled in and lynched a nigger for somethin' or other—I did n't learn what—practically, as you might say, in the very shade of the cou't house, and the Judge cut up about it considerable; danged if he did n't!"

"Ah!" returned the tourist from the North. "He had the perpetrators of the crime arrested, and announced that he would have them adequately punished for taking the law into their own hands?"

"Wa-al, no; not precisely. But he told three, fo' fellers that he was right smartly put out over the affair."

IT DID N'T WORK.

BROWN.—Well, as Patrick Henry said, you can only judge the future by the past.

TIPPS (*sadly*).—I've dropped a lot of money trying to do that with race-horses.

THE WORM TURNS.

"Here is a room to let," she said;
The boarder gave a groan;
"I see," he answered, with a sigh,
"A room to let alone."

IN CHICAGO.

FRIEND.—How is the baby getting along?

PAPA.—Fine! He's learning to eat with his knife.

THE COMMON or magazine variety of essay of the present day seems to be grown from a transplanted paragraph into an expanded form by the artificial stimulus of space rates.

THE BATTLE is not to the strong, but it usually is to the strongest.

SPEAKING OF women who affect masculine garb, no garb is strictly masculine which does n't stay on without being pinned.



WASTED.

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CLARA.—What is the matter, girls? You look angry.

FANNY.—We *are* angry! Mamie and I have been posing here for the last hour because all those men were up on the board-walk, and we have just found out that they are inmates of a blind asylum down for a day's excursion!

NOT REGRETTABLE.

Daniel approached the den of lions with fear and trembling, notwithstanding some of the accounts.

Three days after, however, he felt differently.

It was evident from the joyous expression on his face that something unusual had occurred.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed; "this confinement has really been worth while; for, while here, I found two golf balls I lost last week."

AN EVASIVE ANSWER.

"Pa, what is an illustrated song?"
"Goodness, Dickey! ask your Aunt Kitty; —when she sings she makes faces."

TWO LOVERS who lived in Wy.,
Went out for a walk in the gl.
The maiden was fair,
With long, golden hair,
Which, when she went home,
needed c.

THE DIFFERENCE between greedy folks and others is not so much in what they want as in the eagerness with which they try to get it.

THERE ARE more ways than one to skin a cat, but it is only justice to say that a cat can't be skinned with a gold brick.

SOMETIMES WOMEN seem to us so very peculiar we are almost tempted to believe that Satan would have succeeded had he entered Eden in the form of a caterpillar.



NO ROOM FOR CRITICISM.

FRIEND.—I did n't know that mermaids drank anything but salt-water.
ARTIST.—That's right! She's just taking hers with a straw!

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

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Blue is the Dyspeptic
Blue is the Bottle
Rosy is the man after taking
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**JOHNSON'S DIGESTIVE
TABLETS.**

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WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.



GETTING OUT OF IT.

TEACHER.— How is the United States of America bounded?
SCHOLAR (*who don't know*).— Why — er — since de war, Ma'am, there is no north, no south, no east and no west, ter dis glorious country!

Nervous prostration has poor showing for success with any victim when Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters are intelligently used. At druggists or grocers.

Refreshing—Nourishing—Satisfying. The verdict given Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry, by connoisseurs.

THE chronic kicker is always disliked, but he gets more attention than the meek man. — Washington Democrat.

HE.—I wonder why Mr. Lavender, the perfumer, scents his note paper?

SHE.—That's his business. — Yonkers Statesman.

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Rochester, N. Y.

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You can't help liking people who remember the ordinary things you said a month ago. — Atchison Globe.

THIS would be a quiet, peaceable world were it not for the movements of the under-jaw. — Washington Democrat.

THE "BENEDICT."

MEANS a Cuff and Collar button so great

That the choice of its metal has little to do with. Inventor's ingenuity destined their fate.



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"She has a firm mouth."

"Yes. I'm told her maternal grandmother was the original woman with the iron jaw." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE man who sells whiskey, makes his money easier than the man who buys it. — Atchison Globe.

REDD.—That fellow over there is one of the best golf players in the country.

GREENE.—He does n't look it.

"Why doesn't he?" "He has n't even got a red vest on." — Yonkers Statesman.

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Newark, N. J.
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The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. It cures by removing the cause. The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

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UNFORTUNATE.

I went to call on Miss Marie;
"So glad to see you, sir!" she said.
She wore a gown of silver shred,
And she completely turned my head—
She was a 'witching sight to see.'

I did n't care for time or tide,—
I chatted for an hour or so,
Or, may be, longer—I don't
know.
"Now, really, I shall have to
go!"
"So glad to see you!" she replied.

Paul T. Gilbert.

SAFE.

SHE.—I think Dewey can be
trusted to select a new Admiral's
uniform that suits him, don't you?

HE.—Oh, yes! It is n't as if he
were a married man.

HER MEANNESS.

"The exposure of person that some of those scant bathing-suits necessitate is
absolutely sinful!" declared Deacon Grimm, sanctimoniously. "I sat for more
than an hour yesterday watching one of those shameless women disporting in the
surf, and then —"

The mere recollection seemed painful to him.
"—she went away and dressed herself."

OF COURSE.

"A fight between a bull and a lion would not be permitted here."
"No, indeed! At any rate, the police would stop it on the first exhibition of
brutality."

ANOTHER CALUMNY.

BROWN.—"Festina lente" means make haste slowly, does n't it?
SMITH.—Yes; — motto of Philadelphia.

IN CHICAGO.

"Very religious family, I believe?"
"Very! They keep a record of their divorces in the family Bible."

WE AUTO.

It's auto-this and auto-that—
(The following is chaff)
To settle it we ought to ask it
For its autograph.



A DRAWING CARD.

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REV. MCFAKE.—Have you heard of the wonderful work Dr. Takemin
is doing in Brooklyn?

REV. TWISTER.—No! What is he at now?

REV. MCFAKE.—He has formed a new sect and teaches that Heaven is
only a higher plane of bliss. That what pleases us most in this world we
have in the next. That instead of playing on a harp in Heaven the Brooklyn
man will have a golden baby carriage to push. He has converted the entire
town!

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and the devil took away." — *Ram's Horn.*

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THE SPACE-GRAFTER'S HANDBOOK.

I.—HOW TO WRITE A SOCIETY NOVEL OF THE "FASHION, FIZZ AND FATE" VARIETY.

THE TITLE.—Select one of the following; they are particularly suitable for a yellow cover.

THE SCARLET SLIPPERS OF SATAN.
WHERE DIAMONDS TREAD THE WAY.
THE WORMWOOD EATERS OF DESTINY.
VAV TWITTER'S TRANCE.
AS IN THE DEVIL'S GRASP.

THE OUTLINE.—Think of a number between fifty-five and seventy. Lay out a corresponding number of chapters. Number them neatly. Then scatter the following Properties among the following Scenes:

PROPERTIES.

A man named "Reggy."
A widow named Van —.
A Valet.
Some Waiters.
Mrs. Jack Somebody.

Jack.
Brandy and Sodas.
A Fortune.
A Count.
"Fizz."

SCENES.

The Club.
Boudoir of the Widow Van —.
Her dining-room.
On board "Reggy's" yacht.
Monte Carlo.

Somebody's country mansion; on the Hudson or Swiss Alps.
Anybody's city palace; in Paris, New York or London.
Crater of Vesuvius, flanked by cold lobster and baskets of "Fizz."

N. B.—A cursory glance at a foreign guide-book is suggested before tackling the foreign scenes. This is not necessary, however.

THE PLOT.—You don't need much. Make the widow sporty and one of Jack's old flames. Mrs. Jack gets jealous and counters with "Reggy." Mix in the Count and incidental "Chappies" at the club scenes. Make them explain everything and order liquor of the Waiters. Work in the Valet often, and mention shooting-trips and tiger-hunting. Don't leave out any spicy situations that come handy. End it with reconciliation and somebody's marriage or suicide.

II.—HOW TO WRITE FOR THE "KIDD'S COMPANIONWAY."

THE CINCH.—Fill in the blanks in either of the following forms:

(a) —————— S MADE OF ——————

Few people know that in —— the natives are accustomed to make —— s of ——.

A noted traveler writes: "The natives of —— have many peculiar customs, not the least remarkable of which is the making of —— s in { Summer. } { Winter. } They select for the purpose —— s with which they —— the —— s. When the —— s have —— ed they usually allow from three to five days to elapse before they —— them."

What would our little folks in America think if they were obliged to make —— s in this way?

(b) AN ANECDOTE.

— the famous — was a man of extraordinary —. It is related of him that while —— ing in the town of — one { morning } { afternoon } { evening } he noticed a — whose — attracted his attention. — ing the — he said:

"Why are you so — my —?"
"Oh, sir!" replied the —; "I must needs be —, for my — is —."

"Is it, indeed?" said the great —. "And may I ask why your — is —?"

"Because the — was — sir," answered the —."

"Is that so?" said the great man and passed on.

L'ENVY.

These are only a few of the paths to fame that my pamphlet opens. If writing a "Fashion, Fizz and Fate" novel, or being published in *Kidd's Companionway*, does n't bring fame it is n't the fault of the pamphlet.

Larkin G. Mead.

THE LATEST AFFLICTION.

When she was sick they tried on her
Each medical appliance;
But each one failed, until at last
She died of Christian Science.

THE INGENUE'S LITTLE GAME.

HE (elatedly).—By Jove! I've taught you how to swim in two hours. I think that breaks the record.

SHE.—Oh! hardly; — Jack Gadsby taught me in an hour and a half!

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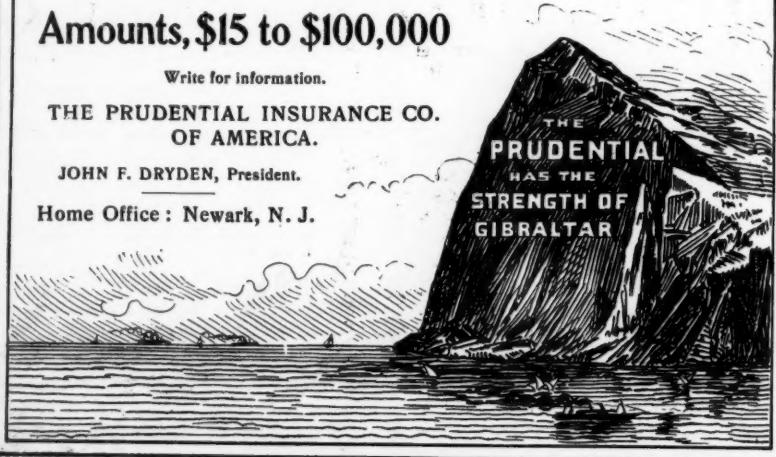
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MR. ABRAMS.—No, Shakey;—but I've "gone up" in effery other way!

When it's hot take Vin Mariani, (Mariani Wine) with cracked ice. It refreshes, nourishes, stimulates and sustains. All druggists.

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A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The egotist now rails again
Against the public plan;
The census counts him only once,
Like any other man.

—Washington Star.

CONFLICTING EMOTIONS.

MRS. JOY.—Oh, John! run for the physician. The baby's swallowed your diamond stud!

BACHELOR BROTHER.—Physician be hanged! I'll bring a surgeon.—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

A BACHELOR'S PRONUNCIATION.

AMY (*reading*).—He gave her a jeweled v-i-n-a-i-g-r-e-t-t-e;—how do you pronounce that, Uncle Isaac?

UNCLE ISAAC (*gruffly*).—I pronounce it downright foolishness!—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

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OPIUM and Liqueur Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO. Dept. I. L. Lebanon, Ohio.

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Quickly Cure Stomach Troubles, brought on by Heat and Overwork.

Nicelle Olive Oil
UNREFINED
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FEAR
MADE IN NICE, FRANCE
FROM SELECTED "SOUND" OLIVES.
Seville Packing Co., New York, U. S. A.

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Veal Loaf | **Ox Tongue (whole)**

Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue

Wafer Sliced Smoked Beef | **Deviled Ham**

Brisket Beef

Put up in convenient sized key-opening cans.

Libby's Home-Baked Pork and Beans.

The kind which taste even better than those mother used to bake. Our Booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat" yours for a postal.

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G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT, PHILA-DELPHIA.

Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On account of the Thirty-third Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Philadelphia on September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Philadelphia, at rate of single fare for the round trip, except that the fare from New York and Baltimore will be \$3; from Newark, N. J., \$2.85; from Elizabeth, N. J., \$2.75, and proportionate rates from intermediate points.

Tickets will be sold on September 2, 3, 4 and 5, good to return until September 12, inclusive; but by depositing ticket with joint agent at Philadelphia on September 5, 6, 7, 8 or 9, and the payment of fifty cents, return limit may be extended to September 30, inclusive.

SIDE TRIPS.

Tickets for side trips to Washington, Old Point Comfort, Gettysburg, Antietam, and Virginia battlefields will also be sold at greatly reduced rates.



WILLY'S SISTER.— No, I will not give you three dollars to buy a base-ball outfit; and as for Mr. Huggard taking you with me to the circus, why, you must be crazy! Now go away, you bad boy; I am going out to take some pictures.



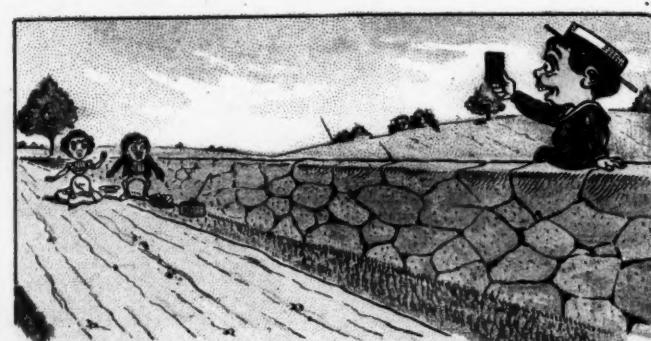
JACK HUGGARD.— Yes, darling, you have taken enough pictures! Let us sit down and rest here in the shadow of this wall.



JACK HUGGARD.— And the little scallawag wanted me to take him to the circus? Well, not on your life! Another kiss, sweet one!



"Four kisses in four minutes, and I got them all!"



"At a safe distance!— Hey there! That's the time I can get away from you! I'm going to tell Pop. He won't believe me? Oh, yes he will! I know you snap-shots at you when you were kissing, and I've got the roll here. Do I get the money for the base-ball outfit? Yes? Good! Does Mr. Huggard take me to the circus? Yes? Good! Well, I'll leave the roll here on the fence."



"Oh! yes, Jack, I can easily meet you here every day and take these lovely, lovely rambles! Father will never know it. I make an excuse that I am going out with my camera.



WILLY.— It's tough! Pop says if I want money for a base-ball outfit and money to go to th' circus I've got to earn it, and sister is just as close-fisted as he is. What's that I hear? Sister Mary talkin' with that feller Huggard? Oh! if Pop could see her now!



WILLY.— Taking pictures, is she? Well, I'll try my hand. I may earn that money yet!



"I'll just take care of this roll myself and put the camera back. They never heard me!"



"Have to earn the money, eh? Well, there's more ways than one of doing things in this world!"